A

PANEGYRICK

On His Most Excellent Majesty

King William the IIId.

Occasioned by the

HAPPY CONCLUSION

OF THE

GENERAL PEACE,

SEPTEMBER the 20th, 1697.

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On His Moſt Excellent Majeſty,

King *WILLIAM* the Third.

GREAT Prince! the Arbiter of *Europe*'s Fate,
Happy Reſtorer of our Tottering State;
That doſt the Rule of willing Nations ſway,
Whilſt Your Commands Submiſſive Kings obey.
And he who to the World's Extreameſt end
Strove his Ambitious Scepter to Extend.
That, what he once Uſurpt, would now Reſtore,
And Suppliant like from You his Peace Implore:
Pardon my tender Muſe's bold Deſign,
Whilſt ſome kind Heav'nly Power Inſpires my Pen;

Which (though in humble Accents) ſtrives to Raiſe
Wonder at Your Great Deeds, and Trophies to Your
(Praiſe.

Note, His Majeſty was born a *Poſthumus* juſt after his Father's Death.

When Great *Naſſau* in Arms and War Renown'd,
Whoſe bold Attempts ſuch great Succeſs had Crown'd;
And done ſuch Mighty Things, and more Deſign'd
T'untimely Fate His Warlike Soul Reſign'd;
To Aſſwage the Sorrow at his Obſequies,
You, *Phœnix* like, did from his Aſhes Riſe;
And as a Riſing-Sun that Joy reſtore,
Which ſet in Seas of Tears the Night before:
His Breath transfus'd to Yours, it did Inſpire
With the ſame Martial Heat, the ſame Deſire
His Soul poſſeſt before it did Expire.
His Courage You Improv'd, and as it Roſe,
Try'd it with Skilful Fury on Your Foes:
In Tender Youth You felt Wars Rough Alarms,
The Common Good exciting You to Arms.
This let the Fights of *Mons* and *Seneff* tell;
How firſt You Fought, and Fighting did excel;
The pleaſant *Maſe*, and *Sambres* conſcious Stream
Can Witneſs to Your Deeds, and Speak Your Fame;
Where You (when Young) Your Conquering Troops
And Mighty Armies have before You fled; (have led,
Where too ſo oft You've ſwel'd the bluſhing Flood
With heaps of Slain, and Streams of *Gallick* Blood.
Your drooping Country, o're-ran with Fire and Sword,
To Ancient Splendor was by You Reſtor'd:

Its

Its Ruin with gen'rous Pity You beheld,
Then bravely dar'd, and bravely too Repell'd
The Inſulting Foe, whoſe ſwoln Ambitious Mind
That thought 'twas all his own, or elſe Deſign'd,
Within juſt bounds was by Your Sword Confin'd.

And next by Heav'n Inſpir'd, and to purſue
Your Great Deſigns, to our Relief You flew;
There all thoſe Miſts and Gloomy Clouds diſſolv'd,
Which our unhappy Iſland had involv'd;
Arm'd with the Right and Juſtice of Your Cauſe
Reform'd Religion, and Reſtor'd the Laws
Which were before expell'd; 'twas bravely done;
And juſtly You obtain'd and wear a Crown:
To which Your Deeds declare You have as good
A Right by Merit, as You have by Blood.

That Labour done, Tempeſtuous Seas You Croſt,
Reducing Kingdoms that before were Loſt:
The ſtubborn *Iriſh* tam'd, and at the *Boyne*
A Vict'ry and Immortal Glory won;
And ſhould my Pen decline this noble Theme,
Yet Fame it ſelf would publiſh, when the *Stream*
A Thouſand Ages hence ſhall Run no more,
The Wonders You perform'd upon the Shore.
How undiſmay'd You ſtem'd the eager Tide,
And turn'd the Doubtful Vict'ry on Your Side:

How Smoak and Sulphur fill'd the Air, and Storms
Of hiſſing Bullets flew in various Forms:
Death and Deſtruction rang'd about the Field,
And Thouſands to their Fate their Gaſping Breaths did yield;
Yet all thoſe threatning Dangers You deſpis'd,
And more than Life the Common Good You priz'd:
Some Foe Inſpir'd by Hell deſign'd Your Fall,
But Heaven averted the too daring Ball;
The Conſcious Ball flew hiſſing by Your ſide,
Saw its Miſtake, then quickly graz'd, and dy'd.
Some unſeen Pow'r protects Your Life and Crown,
Who for Your Countrey's ſafety do neglect Your own.

In *Namur*'s Siege, that Glorious Siege, we find,
The next Experience of Your daring Mind;
Where juſt ſucceſs deſerving Valour found,
And Lofty *Louis* his Superior found;
His Army looking on, You won the prize;
All Your Great Deeds before, this One does ſignalize.

How unlike to this was the fam'd *Troy* of Old,
Of which ſuch ſtrange Romantick Tales are told?
None did the uſe of Modern Engines know,
To hurl Deſtruction on the aſſailing Foe;
But the Old Walls their Nodding Heads reclin'd,
Their Forts ſubmitting to the very wind,
Though built by Gods, to Men at laſt reſign'd.

What

What noble Act was in this Siege, to be
A Subject fit for laſting Poetry !
Yet the blind Bard (with an Inſpir'd Pen)
Wrote this Mock-ſiege in ſo ſublime a ſtrain ;
And the *Greek* Heroes has extoll'd ſo high,
As if with daring Hand they'd ſtorm'd the Sky,
And 'gainſt the gods obtain'd a Victory.

What would he write, had he the Town ſurvey'd,
G'ainſt which Bold You, Your Chearful Squadrons lead ;
Whoſe Rocky Walls, like pointed Cliffs do riſe,
That pierce with their ſtupendious height the Skies,
And with their pondrous weight oppreſs the Ground,
Engines of maſſy Braſs being planted round ;
Who when in flames, diſgorge their ſulph'rous breaths,
In various forms diſperſe a thouſand Deaths ;
With hiſſing noiſe Great Flaming Globes extend,
Which Fear and Death diffuſively extend.
Their Common Fate whole Troops together found,
Whilſt thundring Drums and Trumpets dreadful ſound,
The louder Groans of dying Men confound.
So when the Foe ſprung their Infernal Mines,
Curſt as their Counſels, cloſe as their Deſigns,
In Flakes of Fire the ſhatter'd Rocks did riſe,
Which fill'd with gloomy Clouds the darken'd Skies.
Thick in the Air the darting Meteors flew,
Which ſeem'd the Ancient Chaos to renew,
And ſtruck with horror all, except undaunted You.

Yet

Yet there you ſtood diſpencing Your Command,
Expos'd the Bulwark of the *Britiſh* Land;
Dead Corps and mangled Limbs about You ſpread,
In Rapid Balls, Death hiſſing round Your Head.
No Danger You declin'd, but bravely ſtood,
Too laviſh for us of that Precious Blood;
Which many Ages through a Royal Vein,
To You in long ſucceſſive Order ran.

Nor are Your Deeds to Earth alone control'd,
Your Naval Power's inimitably bold;
Steer without Rivals to what Point they pleaſe,
And make Your Fame as boundleſs as the Seas.
All Nations, when Your Floating Forts they view,
Lowring their Flags, reſign the Right to You:
Your wide Command to every Coaſt extends,
And the ſcorcht *Moor* before the *Engliſh* bends.
Neptune lays down his Trident at Your Feet,
And pays ſubmiſſive Homage to Your Fleet.
The Lofty *Louis* now can do no more,
But foam with Rage, and ſtanding on the Shore,
Sees from Your Ships his routed Squadrons fly,
And his Bomb'd Towns in diſmal Ruins lye.

As when fierce Wolves the harmleſs Herd ore-pow'r,
Juſt as they wou'd their welcome Prey devour,

The Lordly Lyons unexpected ſound
Approaching near their wakeful Ears, doth wound:
Home to their Dens they fly as ſwift's the Wind,
Grinning, look back, and leave their Prey behind.
So when the *Gallick* Fleet uſurps Your Right,
And on the Seas our Trembling Merchants fright;
When they perceive the *Engliſh* Flag appear,
Quickly they ſculk behind their Forts for fear.
With pregnant Sails they haſten to the Shore,
Quitting the Prize they took but juſt before.

The Sea You Rule, and the *French* Monarch Awe,
Set Bounds to's Pride, and give's Ambition Law.
That Vaunting Prince, whoſe vain Ambitious Mind,
Victory o're us, and all the World, deſign'd;
And to an Univerſal Monarchy aſpir'd,
With's beaten Fleet behind Strong Forts retir'd:
Sees the *Britannia* with a juſt diſdain,
Riding Triumphant on the Liquid Plain,
To keep Your Right, and Lord it on the Main.

O would this Theam ſome Abler Pen inſpire,
To give juſt Praiſe, where I can but admire.
Or would Great *Homer* now revive again,
To write Your Actions in that Lofty Strain,
As once he ſung (nor did he ſing in vain)
Of Gods and Heroes, as he rais'd his Voice,
When Wars and Battels were his Lofty Choice:

Or would ſome mighty *Virgil* now rehearſe
In Golden Lines, and never-dying Verſe,
Your Glorious Acts, the Immortal Piece ſhould be
Ingrav'd in Braſs t' inſtruct Poſterity :
To rouſe Luxurious Monarchs from their Eaſe,
To do like You, and Emulate Your Praiſe.
Teach Amorous Sots to ſhun a Woman's Charms,
Having been circled in more Noble Arms :
Kindle in tender Breaſts a Warlike Fire,
And their ſoft Souls with Daring Thoughts inſpire ;
Then Times to come ſhould celebrate Your Birth,
And future Heroes Copy from Your Worth :
Their Souls inſpir'd by Your Immortal Fame,
Would Tyrants Cruſh, and *Gallick* Monſters Tame,
And terrify their Boldeſt Foes with Your repeated Name.

Thus Great You are, and thus unenvyed ſtand,
Since what you Act, tranſcends what You Command.
Not like Luxurious Kings neglect the State,
Or to a General truſt a Kingdom's Fate.
In Perſon all Your Great Exploits are done,
You conquer all Your Self, and make the Work Your own.

O happy thoſe that ſuch a Prince obtain,
Happy the Kingdoms where ſuch Monarchs Rain :
Bleſt the Allyance Crown'd with ſuch a Head ;
And Troops, by ſuch a Daring Courage led.

Happy

Happy are they whom ſuch Examples Fire,
And bravely in ſuch a Glorious Cauſe Expire:
How undiſmay'd they meet approaching Death;
With what Delight they Gaſp their Dying Breath,
And dare their Fate, when ſuch a Prince is by,
Who us'd to Conquer, never fears to Dye.
'Tis brave to quit one's Life for Common Good,
And Seal one's Love to You with Streams of vital Blood.

If thus by Arms You've won us ſuch Renown;
Now *Europe*'s Quiet doth Your Actions Crown;
Now Martial Noiſe is huſht, and Battels ceaſe,
Happy You'l make the Effects of ſuch a Peace,
Our Trade ſhall flouriſh and our Wealth Increaſe:
We ſhall with Plenty and Exceſs be cloy'd,
And all that Heaven can grant, by us enjoy'd.
The World's whole product be in *England* view'd,
And in our Iſle the Golden Age renew'd:
Our Merchants unmoleſted on the Main,
Shall free Commerce with Neighbouring States regain;
Who ſhall with *Europe*'s Wealth our Stores ſupply,
And choiceſt Wines to feed our Luxury:
We ſhall the Luſcious Sweets of *Aſia* know,
The *Indies* both ſhall to our Havens flow;
And *Africk*'s dazling o're at every Tide,
On the ſweet Stream of Silver *Thames* ſhall Ride:
Your dread Commands all Countries ſhall Obey,
And to Your Stores their Grateful Tribute Pay:

Our

Our Different Factions You ſhall Reconcile,
And reunite our now-Divided Iſle.
Thoſe ſtubborn Souls which Juſtice ne're could Tame,
Shall become Vaſſals meerly to Your Fame.
Thoſe miſled Fools who ſcorn'd to own Your Power,
By Your Merit won, ſhall Loyal Thoughts reſtore,
And pay the Allegiance they deny'd before.
A Series of new Time ſhall now begin,
And every Rowling Year ſhall uſher in
A long continned Scene of Happineſs.
But here :
My Muſe ! Tranſported with the Endleſs Bliſs,
The welcome Peace approaching to our Iſle ;
And to thoſe high-flown Thoughts, that Lofty Stile
The Subject craves, unable to aſpire,
Muſt the high Theme deſiſt, and ſilently admire.

G. B.

F I N I S.